PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1888.

ON THE STAGE IN CALIFORNIA

Californians now in New York relate how she hired one of the minor theatres in San Francisco

and appeared in a bur seque entitled "Jack and Jil," Mrs. Scoffeld, then Miss Stowell, made a dashing and handsomely-formed heroine enough, but her acting excited the disapproval of the gallery

but her acting excited the disapproval of the gallery gods.

Discovering that she was not likely to achieve either fame or fortune in the theatrical profession she abandoned it and returned to stock operations.

These she prosecuted with so good success that she returned to New York in 1879 with \$85,000 in stocks and bonds. Since her return she has done a good deal in Wall street, meeting with varying ferrune, but those who are fairly familiar with her affairs believe that her gains have been greater than her losses and that she is now worth a great deal of money. She is described as a money-getter.

SHE HELPED PRODUCE THE "PASSION PLAY."

LIBRIE STARTLES SALMI MORSE'S BACKERS.

HOW SHE NAVIGATED A VESSEL

PRICE ONE CENT.

10.30 A. M.

A MAD LEAP IN THE DARK

BROKER "NAT" HATCH KILLED WHILE FLEEING FROM A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

A TRAGIC SCENE IN MRS. LILLIAN SOC-FIELD'S BACK YARD.

Paying for Criminal Folly With His Life-Bloody Sequel of a Wine Supper and a Visit to a Fair Customer's Apartments-The Body Found by Workmen With the Skull Smashed-Desolate Scene in the Broker's Home-Mrs. Hatch Was On a Nick Bed when the Sad News Came-Mrs. Scoffeld's Checkered Career-Wall Street Horrifled.

With his white, handsome face half upturned to the sky, and his head resting in a pool of blood which had cozed through a frightful gash under hi

matted hair, the body of Nathaniel W. T. Hatch, banker and broker at No 14 Nassau street, was discovered lying in the yard in the rear of No. 64 West Twentieth atreet yesterday morning. Blood was on it and all around it, and broken limbs of ar adjacent tree were strewn here and there. Painters

SATHANIEL W. T. HATCH. and paper-hangers are at work repairing the house, and when Chas Benspeck, of No. 183 Sixth avenue, opened the back door of the basement to let in the morning light upon his labors the still face was staring at him. Benspeck ran and told the mistress of the house, Mrs. Lillian E. Scoffeld; she told her husband, who was sleeping upstairs, and in a minute two pale countenances peered over the roof of the extension. Both exclaimed: "It's Mr. Hatch!" Then Mrs. Scofield ran away and Officer Stephen

B. Riordan, of the Nineteenth Precinct, came through the little gate in the high wall which separates the back yard of No. 64 West Twentieth street from the noise and pustle of Sixth avenue. The neighborhood was in a commotion pretty soon. though it was as yet early morning. From windows in adjoining buildings sleepy people looked out on the tragic wight, and, shuddering, watched while Deputy-Coroner Scholer, who was called by the policeman, turned the corpse over upon the hard stone walk and pried into the ghastly wound in the back of the head, from which blood was still oozing. The left eye of the dead man was swollen and blackened as though it had been struck with a clenched fist. The handsome face bore no other marks, but the fine black clothing had dark, ugly spots where blood had run down upon it.



WHERE THE BODY WAS POUND. When the Deputy Coroner's work was done he sent the body to Roth's undertaking rooms in Seventh avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Scoffeld followed along after Policeman Riordan to the Thirtieth

street station. The day was young yet, but the mystery of blood was upon it, and the horror that had come out of a night was crying for some one Few men in financial circles of this city have

Few men in financial circles of this city have been better known than N. W. T. Hatch. His same stood high in the records of the Stock Exchange; society knew his wealth and recognized the charm of his personality. His elegant home in Fifty-third street was among the dwellings of the silte; no father had done more to make a home at elite; no father had done more to make a home at clite; no father had done more to make a home at clite; no father had done more to make a home at clite; no father had done more to make a home at clite; no father had done more to make a home at clite; no father had done more to make a home at clite; no father had done with that, with his home way uptown, sunrise should find Mr. Hatch lying dead in a back yard in Twentieta street, with his skull split almost in twain?

AT WORK ON THE CASE.

The answer to that question unveils strange bistories. Detectives Hayes and Brett, after the Scofield woman and her husbend were locked up, began to ask questions. Folice were flying everywhere, and the press sent its servants to help in the investigation of the greatest sensation New York has known for years. For a long time the woman was silent. She sat fumbling the ends of her black lace shawl, and like a Stole held her peace. The husband, a gray, smooth-shaven, weak looking man of filip-lour, was just as uncommunicative. Their silence was eloquent of knowledge. The woman shed no tears, made no demonstration. There was a settled flust on her face. Only that and her quickened breathing showed the intense excitement under which and labored.

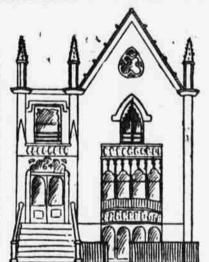
MRS. SCOPIELD TALKS. AT WORK ON THE CASE.

MES, SCOPIELD TALES.



tieth street, opposite the Church of the Holy Communion. Twenty-five years ago the house and ten others like it were built, and the Astor estate owns them. The alender pollars of Golhic pattern, the odd corones and windows will recall the houses to any one who has ever seen them. But time had thrown No. 61 out of repair, and even while the workmen were heavy in the task of renovation the Scofields had brought their belongings from Thirty-fourth street, where they formerly lived, and had settled in the upper rooms. All about the house furniture was piled. The floors were bare of carpets and the woodwork was golashed with plaster. No one in the neighborhood knew what had trauspired within the walls of the old house after Mr. tratch and Mrs. Scofield reached it, returning from their supper party, but the police believed there had been high words between the hosband and his wifes visuor, that perhaps blows had been struck and, it might be, even, that Scofield could tell how the corpse came to be lying there at the foot of a leafless beech tree when day broke.

But the woman's story was told with affectation of careless self-possession, with no tokens of excessive modesty or of fear. She is statuceque, she has been a strikingly handsome woman, but her best days are gone. Tall, dark, of full contour, and with a face which, though its bloom is faded, might vie with that of many a younger woman who held herself fair, Mrs. Scotleld lost no whit in appearance by the heavy dress of black sain she wore, by the beaded wrap of slik brocade, by the black bonnet, with its cluster of apple blossoms; the beaded black well which hid the marks of time in her face, or by the black lace scarf which with a knowing grace she had hastly flung about her shoulders when, summoned by the officers, she left home to await the law's beheel. On a finger of her left hand, from which she had removed one of a pair of tan gloves, sparkled a solitaire, and the way she moved it roun? and round the neat finger it incased was almost the only proof that she was prevous. THE STORY OF THE NIGHT. t incased was almost the only proof that she was nervous. From her ears, too, bung great golden norseshoes, set with brilliants. If there was any-hing loud about her it was the carrings. Her voice was low and calm. was low and caim.



THE FRONT OF THE SCOPIELD RESIDENCE.

A WORLD reporter listened while she told her story, avoiding, with a woman's definess, the one truth—that was too patent to need telling. Mrs. Scoileld is a woman of finance—an adventuress, as the issue shows—and for three years she has dealt in the stock market. There have been thousands to her credit, and she bought and sold with the coolness of an old speculator. I have means of my own," she said, "and have regular accounts with W. T. Hatch & Sons and I. & S. Wormser." At this she drew from her pocket a package of papers—daily and weekly reports of those irrus—showing stock transscilous to an amenabilitie short of \$50,000, mostly in Kansas and Texas bonds, Cannada Pacific, Reading and Louisville and Nashville. It was in the course of her dealings, she said, that Hatch, sr., had introduced her to his son, whose dead body she had seen that morning. No later than Monday she had been buying and selling through the two firms she had named, and when business was done walked down Broad street with Nathaniel Hatch, to lunch at the Hofman Café. Then she went and waited at the office at the office of her brother-in-law, D. C. Ferris, No. 55 Broad way, until Mr. Hatch arrived. It was after d, and the inree agreed to dine at O'Neilla, Twenty-second street and Sixth ave. From there they went to Mme. Fanny's. The brother-in-law stayed only to break a bit of bread in a dish of soup and sip a glass of wine. Mr. Hatch and the woman were alone over their wine till long after 11, and then he saw her home.

"Showing Him The Roome." THE PRONT OF THE SCOPIELD RESIDENCE.

mervously.

"Mr. Hatch is dead," she said.

He made some half-incoherent answer, and they bent to listen to the husband's story. Mr. Charles that Mr. Hatch went into the house. The plaster made her throat dry, and it was to get her a glass of had heard his wife tell her age looked at him, and made her throat dry, and it was to get her a glass of water that he went lato the bathroom at the head of the stairs, while she leaned over the bainster. The front door opened and there was a noise of steps below stairs. "There's some one eise in the house," said she. "Then," she continued, "I went downstairs and saw it was my nustand." He had heard voises and wanted to know who it was. She finally persuaded him to pay no heed to it.

At about 1 o'clock her husband walked out of his bedroom to the front stoop, and closing the door she climbed the stair again. But the bathroom door was looked, "I concluded," she said, "that Mr. Hatch had got frightened and looked himself in. I stooped to the keyhole and said: "Mr. Hatch, Mr. Scofield has gone. Please open the door. It's all right." I called out ever so many times, but there was no answer. I thought he must have gone into one of the closets in my room, so I went along the hallway and knocked on the wall. I got matches and lit them near the keyhole so ne could see I was alone. But I could get no answer, so I tried to burst in the door. It was a task beyond my strength, so I went out to get a policeman to help me. Mr. Schofield was then sitting on a stoop se veral doors distant."

It was Policeman Thomas McCullough who answered the call. At first he said he had no license to break in the door, but Mrs. Scofield insisted she must get falto her spariments, so the brawny shoulder went crashing against the door. The bathroom was empty. The window was open. It was an easy task, the woman knew, to make one's way windows, the balcony and the tail tree which grew up beside the extension. So she thought no more about it, went to bed and at daybreak the husband came silently in. water that he went lato the bathroom at the head

MRS. SCOPIELD'S STRANGE EXPLANATION.



for, caught a rottee branch and had italien upon his head.

Her relations with Mr. Har relations with Mr. Har relations with Mr. Hatch, she said, were all right and proper. She knew he was married and had a family, but he was pleasant company and she was on friendly terms with him. She knew her husband for a mild man, and "he knew she had business relations with people which he must not interfere with." The listeners, as they heard this statement, connected it with the husband's voluntary departure from the house and wondered what it meant. That was the woman's story with its tell-tale denial of anything wrong. There was nothing to be sone at Jefferson Market Court, where taken and arraigned before Justice Patterson. The banker was dead, and the case became the Coroner's. To his office, then, the Scofields were haided.

shera. To his omee, then, the scores were haird.

BREAKING THE NEWS AT MR. HATCH'S HOME.
While the examination was going on there Bergt. Sheldon, in the Thirtieth Precinct, was bunting for some way to break to the dead man's family the awful news. Mrs. Hatch, he had been told, was ill. An officer was sent to the house with instructions to sax for some male member of the family. There was none at home. Mr. Hatch's eldest son, aged nineteen, was away at college in Garden City, L. L. A younger lad was conning his books in a grammar school. The two daughters were at school in Flith avenue. Word was sent to W. T. Hatch, the dead man's father, to come to the station at once. He did so, and at noon was told the news. Then, in a stupor of grief, he wen't on the undertaker's and looked on his dead son's face, over which, in charity, a cloth was spread. The head rested on a buge sponge, into which blood yet dripped.

At the residence. No. 36 West Fifty-fourth street,

dringed.
At the residence, No. 36 West Fifty-fourth street, an hour later a World reporter saw a scene of heartrending grief. The physician's carriage was at the door. Kind friends and relatives did the

of unspeakable agony. The house echoed with sobs. There was nothing to say.

Mr. Hatch's brother-in-law, Mr. Sanford, said in whispered iones they knew nothing. They simply learned at 11 o'clock that a great sorrow had falled upon them, and that "it must have been an accident. That is all."

BEFORE THE CORONER.

dent. That is all."

BEFORE THE CORONER.

Meantime, Coroner Levy, despite efforts to hush the proceedings up, was taking the woman's evidence. The room was crowded, and in the corner the husband sat cnewing a half-smoked cigar, and instenling as his wife told her story. It differed from the first one, but she rehearsed it with the same disply yof nerve. No amount of questioning disconcerted her. Her lip quivered just a little, and she looked in a calculating way from one to another of the listeners. This was her sworn statement as taken down by the Coroner's secretary:

"I am married and my husband is alive. I reside at 64 West Twentieth street. I met air. Histen at his father's office, W. T. Hatch & Son, No. 14 Nassau street, yesterday. I have an account with the firm and deal in stocks and bonds. I have been in the habit of going to the office nearly every day for the past six months. I told him I was going to Wormser & Co.'s in the Mills Building about some bonds. I told aim at the same time I would take liunch with my brother-in-law, D. C. Ferris, in the Hoffman Café. I took linnen at heaven place. Mr. Hatch here joined me. We had lunch together after which we separated, Mr. Hatch going back to his office.

"I waited in the restaurant for Mr. Hatch who soon returned and we went uprown together, to O'Neill's restaurant, at Sixth avenue and Twenty-second street. This was about 7 o'clock. My brother-in-law sent word he would not be on hand. Because my brother-in-law did not put in an appearance, we decided to go to Mme. Fanny's restaurant on Twenty-aeventh street, on the way thither we met Mr. Perris and all took supper together in the restaurant. Mr. Ferris, when the meal was finished, left the place and Mr. Hatch and myself remained till about 11.45 r. m.; we drank wine during the meal.

"Mr. Hatch accompanied me to my home, No. 64 West Twentieth street, and Mr. Hatch and myself remained till about 11.45 r. m.; we drank wine during the meal.

"Mr. Hatch accompanied me to my home, No. 64 West Twentieth street deal of money. She is described as a moneygetter.

Perhaps the most interesting passage in Mrs.
Libble-Stowell-Scodeld's variegated career and one
from which no extracts have appeared in print relates to her connection with the attempted production of Saim Morse's "Passion Play" in New
York at the so-called Temple in Twenty-third
atreet, near Sixth avenue. It was her scaeming
brain which conceived the dea of putting that work
forward in New York. She had seen it in San
Francisco and had been impressed with the production and had appreciated how it appealed to
the corlosity of the public. She believed there was
a great deal of money in the enterprise. After
deliberating over the matter she accosted Mr.
Morse one day in the street. Morse was then
lodging in an old house in Twenty-first street, near
Sixth avenue, just a block away from the scene of
the tragedy of Monday night.

SHE HELFED PRODUCE THE "PASSION PLAY."

lowed soon after. My husband was at home, but asleep in the back parlor. When we reached our parlor I lighted the gas and Mr. Hatch was on the point of leaving when we neard footsteps downstairs. Mr. Hatch becsme alarmed and I took is him to remain in the room, that I would see what the trouble was. Mr. Hatch then looked the door. When I went downstairs I met my husband and he asked me who was upstairs. I

my husband and he asked BROTHER-IN-LAW me who was upstairs. I FERRIS. I told him that I would not tell him. He then said he throught it was Mr. Hatch, as he had seen him come with me. I said to my husband: 'Won't you please step in the parlor and allow Mr. Hatch to pass out?' He did so, and I went up to the room and rapped, but received no reply. This I did several times, but failed to get Mr. Hatch to open the door. My husband remained downstairs all the time. I finally went for an officer and he came in the house. I told him to break open the door of the bathroom, which he did. He was rejuctant in doing this, but I repeated to him that I must get into my apartments.

doing this, but I repeated to him that I have a mind on yapariments.

"When the door was broken open, I called for Mr. Hatch, but he was nowhere to be found. I found, however, a window open and I then concluded that Mr. Hatch had escaped by way of a plazas. I then retired and the first intimation I had of the affair was when I was told this morning by some painters that a man was dead in the yard. I then looked out and saw that it was Mr. Hatch.

"LILLIAN E. SCOPTELD."

ENTER THE BROTHER-IN-LAW. Two men had come into the room while the woman was taking. One was Lawyer Jerome Buck, the other was D. C. Perris, the brother-inlaw, a huge man, with gray hair and flowing beard, who had come with the attorney in haste to see that all was done and a hould be. Mr. Buck looked the evidence over just as Mrs. Schofield was about to sign it.

the evidence over just as Mrs. Schofield was about to sign it.

"This is hardly right, is it?" he said, pointing to the place in the affidavit where she said she and Hatch went upstairs together.

"No, Mr Hatch went up ahead of me to see that everything was right up there," she explained, "Our living rooms are all on the second floor, the nouse is in such disorder."

While Haich went upstairs she said she talked with her husband in the parlor. The effort of Mr. Scofield and the lawyer to conduct the examination received no encouragement from the Coroner.

SCOPIELD TESTIFIES. When Mr. Scofield, at the suggestion of a World reporter, was placed on the stand, the woman made her way to where Ferris sat stroking his beard

had heard his wife tell her age looked at him, and then at her, and thought she had forgotten some years out of her life. Mr. Scofield is little and nervous. He combs his gray hair straight back from his temples. He wore a dark suit and overcoat, and a black cravat was fastened about a collar somewhat frayed. It was said, as he sat there, that he was President of the Montgomery and Alabama Raliroad, and had been a rich man in his day, but his face showed lack of the elements that make good financiers, and his whole bearing was not suggestive of large possessions. He did not seem to be trying to corroborate his wife's story, nor did he do so save in the main outline. He agreed with her in the principal point that there was no personal alteration between hisself and Mr. Hatch. The examination was listened to with intense interest. It resuited in the following:

"I reside at 64 West Twentieth street. I am the husband of Lillian E. Scofield. I got bome to my house about 10 P. M. yesterday. I could not get into my sleeping apartment. I went into the back perior, lay down on the sola and fel ascep. Some voices awoke me about 1 A. I listened a moment and heard and recognized Mr. Hatch's voice talking with my wife. I sat down in the front parior, is about half an hour sne came down. She said she had company. I said I knew it, and I recognized Mr. Hatch's voice. I said I would leave. She said. 'All right; go.' It went to go up to get my coat, and she objected. My wife said I could not sleep in the house that night. I said. 'All right; I'll go.' I said I would return for my things in the moraing.

''I left the house and went jand remained on the second stoop of the adjoining nouse. I think it was then about 2 or 2 30 A. M. I kept company with the policeman on beat till about 5 30 A. M. About 6.50 A. M. I went to my house to get my coat. Mrs. Scofield came from the parior. I said; 'I want to get my things according to promise, and go.' She replied, 'Don't be foolish,' and urged me to remain and get some sleep. It was then about 7 A. M. I finally consented and undressed and lay down and fell asleep, as I was worn out.

''About 7.45 A. M. my wife woke me up and said MR. SCOFIELD HEARD VOICES.

dressed and lay down and test me up and said worn out.

'About 7.45 a. M. my wife woke me up and said there was a man dead in the yard. I looked over the plazza or extension and identified the body of Mr. Hatch. I have met Mr. Hatch in my a artiments occasionally for the past six months. I did not see him last night, but I recognized his voice.

'C. W. Scottelb."

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF DEATH. THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF DEATH.

So, it seemed, Mr. Hatch had been going to look at the Scoffiel rooms for six months past. While the matter-of-fact Scoffield was teiling of it, there lay upon the table before him the belongings that Deputy-Coroner Scholer had taken from the clothing of the dean man. There was a handsome gold watch, with chain of gold and platiaum. A monogram was engraved on its huntinggease. On the inner case was this legend: "Nathadie! T. W. Hatch, May 27, 1831." There was \$19.55 in currency, a number of loose papers, and among them was a bill for tuition from Miss Annie Brown's school. No. 713 Fifth avenue, where Mr. Hatch's daughters attend school. The properties were turned over later to P. T. Downing, an uncle of Mr. Hatch, who called at the Coroner's office to claim them. Claim them.

When Deputy Coroner Scholer had testified that death was caused by shock from a compound fracture of the base of the skull, Attorney Buck vouched for the woman's reappearance when called for, and she was paroled. The husband was also released

MRS. SCOFIELD'S STRANGE HISTORY.

apon his own recognizance

Actress, Speculator, Navigator and Adventuress-Her Career in New York. Of the actors in the tragedy, Mrs. Scofield has undoubtedly the most eventful and picturesque history. She was probably born in England, and came to this country when very young. She was known to men about town early in the seventies as

Libbio Stowell, and was accounted a handsome woman, a bright talker and a brilliant

A HUSSAND WELL UNDER SUBJECTION.

A HUSSAND WELL UNDER SUBJECTION.

Mr. Scouled always had his evening paper. Nobody about the place has any memory of ever having seen him look at anybody or unter a word in the place. Nothing could possibly be more widely different than the conduct of the husband and wire over their dinner. She always came in trippingly, with her call up and her brown eyes anarply taking in everything and everybody in the room. She talked incessanity, and as the dinner and its beverages were ultimately absorbed, her cheeks flushed, her tongue ratitled the more replicitly and her bearing became the more reckless. Her husband carried himself like a man completely cowed. All through dinner he sat absorbed in his newspaper, only at very fare intervals giancing with a look of mild and expostulating wonder at his loud-talking wife. Sometimes she noticed these glances and sometimes she didg't. When she did, she usually replied to them with some tart speech, and then looked about her as who should say.

"Haven't I got him trained, though?"

As a fact, before the couple had been visiting the restaurant three days. Socield was marked by the joily crew of bantering Bonemians as a very, very bad case of henpecked husband. Mrs. Socield had a decidedly different standing.

Among those who went often to the place was a light-bearded man and his black-eyed wife. One night a tall, powerfully built fellow in the restaurant stared unpleasantly at this lady, and her husbanh if ollowed him out after dinner and "singged" him. This conduct seemed to strike Mrs. Socield as particularly pleasing, and the light-bearded man at once became the object of a heroic endeavor to "mash" on her part. Uttimately, after feeling like an idiot for some days in trying to avoid the amiles and soft glances of the enterprising lady, he field from the place and has never returned.

Lately the Socields have been less frequent in their attendance, though upon numerous occasiona the husband has dided there alone. Accompanied by another esco League—New York at Indianapolis, Boaton at Detroit, Philadelphia at Pitisburg, Washington at Chicago, Association—Brooklyn and Athlettes in Philadelphia, Baltimore at Cierciand, St. Louis at Cincinnati, Kansa-City at Louisville.

A HUSBAND WELL UNDER SUBJECTION.

## AGAIN IN THE LEAD.

name and personality became tolerably familiar to the citizens of San Francisco. She operated very boldity on the market there, which was not, however, an unusual thing for a woman to do in the metropolis of the Pacific coast, and became a well-known figure in the brokers' offices there. She went to San Francisco by steamer. She was possessed of an almost ungovernable temper, and the officers on board still recall a number of interesting incidents of the trip. When she had secured some money, her ambition ied her to seek success on the stage. Littlewood Wins Back First Place at the Big Race.

> Britisher Cartwright Gives It Up as a Bad Job.

SCORE AT 10 A. M. Lape Littlewood...... 272 Hughes 264 Herty 259 Guerrero..... 
 Noremac
 248

 Golden
 246

 Dillon
 224
 Campana.... 

Madison Square Garden race this morning. At midnight Hughes had lengthened the lead that he had gained while Littlewood was suffering with a rusty thigh-joint, to 7% miles, and Littlewood was in his cot again.

Even Dan Herty had caught the English man, and he, too, retired to rest.



Littlewood returned to the track at 1.30 A M. refreshed and less stiff. He immediately resumed his easy flatfoot run, at a five-mile pace and proceeded to overhaul the Lepper, who at this time could not better his three mile gait. Mile after mile was covered, and when Littlewoood circled the track for the

DAN HERTY. 106th time after his sleep, he overtook the Lepper and passed him in the sixth lap of his 240th mile.

SHE HELPED PRODUCE THE "PASSION PLAY."

After a few minutes' conversation she asked Mr. Morse why he did not put forward the "Passion," as the author delighted to call it, in New York, Morse repiled that he had no money, whereupon she offered at once to find the necessary funds. It was agreed between them that if Libble Stowell could interest the necessary capital that she should have 20 per cent. of the profits.

This settled, Libble Stowell went to work to gather in capitalists and form what is now known as a syndicate. Through some financial friend of hers, probably a Wall street man, George D. Roberts, then President of the Postal Telegraph Company and an old Californian, A. J. Severance and Albert J. Eaves, the costumer, were induced to contribute towards preliminary expenses. D. C. Ferris, whom Mrs. Scofiel speaks of as her brother-in-law, also became pecuniarily interested. Mr. Roberts and his associates, however, knew nothing of the identity of this female partner of theirs until the "Passion Play" was on the eve of its first presentation, early in 1888. Up to this time she had been known as "Mr. Johnson" and was believed to be a man, whose religious saccitations were such that he did not care to have his name known in connection with the matter.

During all the preparations for the production "Mr. Johnson," in the person of Libble Stowell, icirculated about the "Passion Play" Theatre, looking out after her interests and impatient for the product to begin pouring in. At last one evening her impatience and cupidity got the best of her.

Lepper and passed him in the sixth lap of his 240th mile.

It was at 3.27 in the morning. The garden was nearly empty of spectators, but the scattering few devotees applauded as lustily as their drowsy condition would permit.

When Herty returned to the track after two hours' sleep, he found that Littlewood had regained five miles of his lead, while he was not so limber as he might be.

Cartwright, the Londouer, had dropped to seventh place. He said that he was "bloody bad" and was "going to drop the blooming, busted race," which he did at 3.50 o'clock, announcing when he lopped down upon his cot that "no blooming think on earth" could move him for a week.

Hughes had been off the track twenty-four minutes while this was going on, taking nourishment and having a rubbing down. After his 241st mile Hughes retired and Littlewood made a beautiful spurt at an eightminte gaft.

But Hughes's slouching form reappeared in five and a half minutes, and he dogged Littlewood for a whole hour. Then, at 5.10 o'clock, the Lepper again retired to his hut and underwent the manipulations of his trainer for thirty minutes, returning to find Littlewood running nicely to the music of the band, which had come in for the day. George was just five miles ahead and running at a ten-minute clip, a gait which was too much for the Lepper and which stretched his lead by a mile in the next hour.

Saunders, the Brooklyn amateur, had been last man in the race for many hours. He went LIBBIE STARTLES SALMI MORSE'S BACKERS.

All the partners in the scheme, including George D. Roberts and Salmi Morse, were assembled in Morse's quantity furnished parior on the Twenty-fourth street end of the building, when every-tody was tartled by Libble Stowell getting up and crossing the room to Mr. Roberts, saying that she was "Mr. Johnson," and demanding the profits which were coming to her. The demand was of course an absurd one, as the theatre had not been opened, and no money had been taken in. Barrers of it had gone out, however, and a great deal of it came straight from the bank where Mr. Roberts kept his account. When the authorities interposed and the "Passion Play" enterprise was finally squelched, the syadicae had put out about \$50.000. This money was lost and the pattners found themselves, besides, with a number of shits on their hands, the last of which were compromised only last summer. But, true to her nature, Libble Stowell, alias "Mr. Johnson," exacted a large sum of money as the price of her withdrawal and the relinquishing of the 20 per cent. In prospect, The "Passion Play" partners cheerfully chipped in, made up the smount, and her connection with the enterprise ceased. Saunders, the Brooklyn amateur, had been

last man in the race for many hours. He went to bed at 3 o'clock this morning. The relative positions of the other men were unchanged. The scores are as follows:

the enterprise ceased.

HOW SHE MAYIGATED A VESSEL.

A gentleman who knows something of Libbie Stowell since she became Mrs. Scoffeid tells a story of her returning to New York from San Francisco in 1879 on board a steamer whose capital died during the passage. The mate had previously been lost overboard and there was no one to invigate the vessel. In this situation Libbie Stowell—whom the narrator referred to probably by mistake as the capitain's wife—took hold and brought the boat safety into port. The case attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and newspaper stories about the "woman capitain" were copied all over the country. The Marittime Exchange presented her with a handsome sliver service in recognition of her pluck.

During the seven years which have elapsed since her return from California Mrs. Stowell-Scoffeld has been a frequent visitor to Wall street and vicinity during the daytime and to the theatres and uptown restaurants in the evening. A few years ago a number of her speculative (riends had offices in the Borsel Building, and she was known very vell them to the janitor there. One day she claimed to have been robbed in the halls of considerable money and jewelry, and there was much excitement down there for the bost part of alternoon. Frevious to this she had met with a similar misfortune under the bost part of alternoon. Frevious to this she had met with a similar misfortune under the bost part of alternoon. Frevious to this she had met with a similar misfortune under the bost part of alternoon is much frequented by artista, newspaper folks, singers, actors and bohemians generally. The dinner is cheap, but very good, and the class of people who go there babitually is considerably better than the surroundings of the establishment would suggest. Up to within a very short time Mr. and Mrs. Isoofiela were among the most regular attendants. They came in about 6 ociocs, sometimes shone and sometimes separately. They generally brought with them a small bottle of claret, of a supposedly better SCORE FROM 1 TO 6 O'CLOCK A. M. Name. 1A. M. 2A. M. 3A. M. 4A. M. 5A. M. 6A. M. 225.4 220.0 235.5 248.4 245.6 250.6 283.0 234.8 258.8 249.0 243.7 246.2 275.1 225.1 226.1 228.4 225.1 275.0 259.0 229.0 212.1 275.0 259.3 252.0 258.0 213.6 217.6 222.8 227.0 231.1 212.1 212.1 215.4 222.0 255.2 259.3 252.0 258.0 213.6 217.6 222.8 227.0 231.1 212.1 212.1 215.4 222.0 255.2 259.3 294.7 264.7 266.7 269.0 196.5 222.0 256.2 259.3 294.7 264.7 266.7 267.0 196.5 222.0 252.6 256.1 150.0 150.0 156.0 156.7 159.5 202.4 156.1 159.2 152.6 155.7 159.5 202.4 156.1 159.2 155.0 155.0 156.2 158.2 158.2 158.2 158.2 THE SCORE FROM 7 A. M. TO 12 M. 7A.M. 8A.M. 9A.M. 10 AM 11 AM 12 M 256.0 261.4 266.4 251.1 255.1 260.1 244.4 249.5 254.4 253.3 299.2 248.2 256.4 241.5 244.1 234.1 240.1 285.0 210.5 216.2 219.2 200.2 208.2 211.5 194.7 199.5 201.6

Peter Golden breakfasted between 6 and 7

Peter Golden breakfasted between 6 and 7, and while he was picking the bones out of his fish Noremac and Guerrero put their pegs in ahead of his, and at 7 o'clock he had been relegated to sixth place.

At 7 o'clock, the fifty-fifth hour of the race, Albert scored in the last race 262 miles, 6 iaps, and the record made by Rowell in 1882 was twenty miles better still. Littlewood to the record of the start race 262 figures are that hour and had the record of the record of the record of the record of the record made by Rowell in 1882 was twenty miles better still. Littlewood to day scored 256 miles at that hour, and had covered 94% miles in the twenty-four hours ending then. But Littlewood was in fine condition and is a faster man than Albert,

everything else being equal.

At midnight on the third day of his race Rowell had covered 35335 miles, and Albert accored 34s miles at the seventy-second hour. There is little hope that Littlewood can equal this, but it should be borne in mind that Fitzgerald's record was not as good as either of these until the fifth day. He tirst touched the record at the 110th hour. Jimmy Albert did not touch the record until the seventy-

did not touch the record until the seventyminth hour.

Gus Guerrero had an attack of vertigo yesterday, and on Monday he was all out of condition, but this morning he was in fine trim,
and kept up his graceful lope for many miles.

The second day of a go-as-you-please is always the hardest one on the pedestrians, and
those who do not succumb during Tuesday
graceful, stay until the finish generally stay until the finish.

Jack Hughes's lame foot caused him much trouble yesterday, but seemed dead to rain to-day, and he ran with the same indifference to-day that has always been his character-

Answers to Correspondents. L. M. P. - Yonkers is a chartered city of the State of New York.

of New York.

F. R.—Arson in the first degree may become murder in the first degree. The death of a person in consequence of sraon in the first degree is also murder in the first degree. Arson in the first degree is pouts ed by imprisonment for not less than ten years "and not longer than hite." But when the arson is also murder the man is tried for murder, not for arson, and, upon conviction, he is duly hanged.

The Five Misters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—
Fiora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth;
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.
So she took Dr. Firsner's Golden Mydical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Fiora became nervoes and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's busband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and sa married rich.

GOV. HILL SUSTAINED.

The Veto of the Saturday Half-Hollday Repeal Bill Meets With Pavor. SEPECIAL TO THE WORLD. !

ALBANY, May 9. - The cordial manner in which the Governor's veto has been received by the press is a surprise to the friends of the capitalists and bankers who expected that there would be a great hullabaloo and that David Bennett Hill would get it warm from all sides. Instead they find that with one or two exceptions the Republican papers are very quiet on the subject, some of them, and among them a protection paper of New York City, really commend it,

The Democratic papers, none of which helped THE EVENING WOBLD in its fight, are now fond in their praise of the Governor, and assert that his action was perfectly right.

and assert that his action was perfectly right,
The Evening World has demonstrated that
though young, it has power, and nothing but
praise is heard of its work.

Senator Reilly was as happy over the veto
as a boy with a new toy. "It is a splendid
victory for The Evening World," said he.
"and that bright paper deserves the utmost praise for its gallant battle for the
wage-workers. The Governor's objections to the proposed repeal coincide
with mine. I hardly expected that
the Governor would consent to a request to
repeal the law which he himself conceived.
I have not been disappointed. The thanks of
hundreds of thousands of working men and
women throughout the State are due to The
Evening World for the grand fight it has
made and so gallantly won.

"Had it not been for the tremendous public sentiment aroused by both the morning
and evening issues of The Wenld it
may be that the Governor would not
have seen his way clear to veto
the bill. He has done so, I believe, in
response to the appeals of the tolling masses,
and if he never before demonstrated that he
is the wage-worker's friend he has not failed
to do so on this occasion.

"All praise, I say, for Gov. Hill, and The
Evening World, and a million of working
people must join in the song of triumph."

Racing at Baltimore. The programme and probable starters to-day are to follows: First Race.—Purse \$500, of which \$100 to the second for three-yest-olds and upward; non-winning an maiden allowances from 5 up to 17 ib.; three-quarters o

Smith.

R. W. Walden's ch. c. Refund, by Sensation.

B. W. O. Daly's b. g. — by King krnest, dam Revolt 108

W. O. Daly's b. g. — by King krnest, dam Revolt 108

T. W. Downell's ch. f. Maldenhair, by Wilvil.

108

Third Race. —Clabeugh Memorial Stakes for two-peage olds, at 850 each, half forfest, with 850 added, of which 8200 to the second, the third to save its stake; colts to carry 110 hr. fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; 9 subeccibers; half a mile.

Bess 107 Liszie Baker 100 Le Luces 104 Beia 100 Ten Booker 107 Fifth Race. Purse \$500, of which \$100 to the second, for all ages, winning penalties; non-winning and maiden allowances; one mile.

Racing at Clifton. The entries for the Clifton races to-day are as First Race.—Purse \$200, of which \$50 to the second, for three-year-olds; selling allowances; horses entered to be sold for \$2,500 to carry full weight; three-quar-

weight; five furiongs.

Bass Viol. 114 Eufsuls
Georgie O. 118 Lizzle Glenn.

Sudge Norton 118 Adonis.
Litian K. 113 Persine.

Jacobus 112 Cholteta.

Jungs Norton was formerly Rebel Friend.
Third Race. Purse 2/50, of which 250 to or all ages; selling allowances; horses ent-be sold to carry full weight; six and a half fur

mile and a sixte

Lh.
112 Garnet.....
106 Trueborn...
104 Bright Kyes.
105 Sweety.....
109 Figaro... Ernest. 100 Figaro.

Windsel 99

Fitth Race—Purse \$200, of which \$50 to the
for four-year-olds and operard that here rus and
at the Cliffon syring meeting in 1888; selling
ances; three-quarters of a mile. Ab., 108 John Kyle. 108 Atom 108 Pascock 108 Lizzie M. 108 Compensate 104 Pat Daly...

The programme and named starters for to-day are as follows:

First Race. - Purse \$300, of which \$50 to the second, for three-year-olds and upward; selling allowances burses entered to be sold for \$2,000 to carry full weight; one mile. Lb. 115 Lela May.... 114 Myrtle.... 104 Della.... Leganto. 114 Myrtie. 83
Januert. John Gray. 103
Second Race. Breeders Nakes for two-year-olds. \$15
Second Race. Breeders Nakes for two-year-olds. \$15
sech at entrance. \$50 additions for starters, with \$1,000
added, of which \$150 to the second, \$100 to the third;
\$1 subscribers, three-quarters of a mile.

C. Anderson & Co.'s b. c. Champagne Charlie, by Prince Chirle.

Fastwood Stabe's ch. c. Outbound, by Blue Kyes.

Linke's b. c. Castaway II., by Outcast

J. D. Morrison's b. c. French, by Control Stan.

A. heigert a b. c. Crean, by congletion

Malourum Stabe's b. 1. The Lincass, by Billet.

Malourum Stabe's b. f. Brown Princess, by Prince

(Charlet igert's br. f. Brown Princess, by Prince 

ond, \$50 to the third; \$7\$ subscribers; mile and a quart
Mrs. John M. Clay's b. c. Von Tromp, by Ten
Brocck
F. B. Harper's b. c. Long Roll, by Longfellow
Malbourne Stable's Ceswood, by Fassetto.
Fourth Race. - Furse \$100, of which \$75 to the secon
a handicap for all seas; mile and a satementh.

Ascenta, 106 Derochmont.

Kontituako. 105 Pathilous
B. Contituako. 105 Barrister.

Glicofortune 98 Coateway
Fifth Race. - Purse \$300, of which \$50 to the secon
selling allowaness: one mile.

Jennie McFarland. 107 Mishap.

Redgione 99

The LEAGUE, Won. The Standing of the Clubs.

10.30 A. M.

CARRIED THROUGH FLAMES.

TEN SMALL CHILDREN RESCUED FROM A FIRE AT ELIZABETHPORT.

Lavin's Sporting Club House Destroyed-The Blaze Began With a Mysterious Explesion and Gave the Firemen a Hard struggle - One Dwelling Burned and Others Threatened - Supposed to be

SPECIAL TO THE WORLD. ELIZABETHPORT, N. J., May 9. - A fire, supposed to have been started by an incendiary, broke out on Livingston street, Elizabeth-

port, shortly before midnight, and destroyed the large club and sporting house of John J. Lavin and the dwelling of Mrs. Killen adjoining. In the latter building were living James Handren, John Kelliher, James Sullivar. and Elizabeth McGann.

The families of Hendren and Kelliher consisted of ten small children, all of whom were in bed when the fire was discovered. So rapidly did the flames spread that all would probably have perished had it not been for the courage displayed by three young men name 1 O'Neil, Nolan and Collins, who burst into the blazing rooms and carried the half-stifled children out.

The firemen had a hard time fighting the flames and several houses in the vicinity caught fire, but were saved.

Hibernia engine broke down, having worked all the night previous at the Shooter's Island fire and a general alarm had to be rung by Chief Mahony summoning the extra department.

The club-house was owned by ex-Freeholder Frank Bauer and cost \$6,500; insured for \$4,000.

Lavin's loss is \$1,000; insured. The total losses are more than \$10,000.

The fire began with a mysterious explosion of some sort in the club-house, which had been closed all day, and in five minutes the building was enveloped in flames.

No Pay for the Treasure-Seeker's Crow.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
We have been waiting our our hard-earned wages from the yacht Maria since April 23, and have not received our money yet. Do and have not received our money yet. Do you not think it a great shame to keep poor men out of their earnings? There were a number of people interested in the expedition in search of the buried treasure, who are men of means, and yet the poor seamen have received no money yet. Can you help us to get it by publishing this?

Some of the Crew of Maria.

BROOKLYN BOOKWORMS-

Dr. Edward Beecher naturally prefers theological works. Edward Eggleston coads such books as will assis

him in his work as an author. occasionally delves deep in biography. Supt. C. C. Martin, of the big bridge, has tin only for engineering and smentific books.

The Rev. J. C. Alger reads very few novels, but ethical and biographical works find ready favor in his hands. R. B. Greenwood, of the Corporation Count

office, mostly American history and those bearing on the science of government. The Rev. J. W. Chadwick never tires of reading

a good novel. He has for many years been a reweek. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is an exhaustive

reader on whatever subject he has in hand for his sermons or lecture-room talk, in this way ge many of his apt and spicy parallels.

Marriage of Misa Bather Rinaldo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Rinaldo, to Michael Hass, on Sunday, May 18, at 3 p. s., at the German Ma-sonic Temple, 220 East Fifteenth street. Closing entertaigment of the Excelsior Literary Society, Y. M. H. A., aptenox Hall this evening. Ball of the Wood-Carvers' Association at Arling-ton Hall to-morrow evening.

Grand annual summer-night's festival of the Hustlers at Lion Park on Tuesday evening, June b. Reception and house-warming of the Arington League on Friday evening, May 11, at its new club-rooms, 242 West Fourteenth street. The club is composed largely of Ninth Ward gentlemen.

Republican Delegates. First. John H. Grimes, Amass Thornton, Samuel M. Everest. Second. Donie Shea, William M. Doyle, Emiree Hiland. Third-Claries N. Taintor, James M. Varnam, Guy R. Pelton, John F. Baker. Foorth John Collins, Alexander S. Rosenthal, Thomas Gilroy.
Fifth Frank J. Carroll, Stephen B. Franch, Ed. R. Shear, James H. Tobio.

5 xth—Ajonzo B. Cornell, Adam Geruand, John Simpson, Chas. Freund.

5eventh—Cornelius Van Cott, Lispenard Stewart,
Samuel M. Jonnson, Lucas L. Van Alien, Waide H.
Richardson, Samuel S. Hambarger.

kighth—John J. O'Brica, Robert G. McCord, George
J. Kraus. Bernard Rourke, Christian Goots, John E.

Seventh — Cornellos van Cott, Laspenard Stewert, Samuel M. Jonnson, Lucas L. Van Allen, Waide H. Richardson, Samuel R. Hamburger.

kighth. John J. O'Brien, Robert G. McGord, George J. Kraus, Bernard Rourke, Christian Goots, John E. Brocks, Sinth-Wm. H. Gedney, John W. Jecobus, Jeremish Pangburn, Franklin Lawson, George M. Clark.

Tenth-Jacob M. Patterson, Ferdinand Ridmann, Ferdinand Drayer, Rudouph Rubons, C. Otto Basso.

Reveich—George Hilliard, Stephen W. Roach, Charles B. Fage, August Rohn.

Treith—George Hilliard, Stephen W. Roach, Charles B. Page, August Rohn.

Thirteeuth—Clarence W. Meade, Frederick S. Gibbs, Isaac Dayton, Henry C. Bacana, Dwight A. Lawrence and Henjamin Festerson.

Fourteenth—John R. Nugent, Louis L. Rodand and Frederick S. Gibbs, The Control of the C